

Nothing Pure) Part 1

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Summary: This story is old + long.... It's set in the Comic storyline just after Robotnik is defeated. A rift into another dimension opens on the Floating island and a dark and powerful new enemy force allies itself with the Dark Legion. Part1 revolves around the

Nothing Pure) Part 1

>
Warning: The following story is rated M-13 for extreme melodrama not

>suitable for.... well, anyone.
The story Is Fanfiction. The characters are Â© Their Creators (Sega

>and Archie for the most part) and used without permission. Except for
the non- Dark Legion villains which are by me.

>

> It was then the silence lifted, or rather he became aware of the noise
that had always been in the background.

> The white creature found very little in his mind which he could grasp.
The concepts of who he was, where he were all shadows, yet they were

>THERE and that, in itself, was enough. A faint yet certain knowledge that
this would all make sense in time prevented panic but it was cold,

>and his head throbbed...

>"So long since the last beginning.....so long since I've seen the
light.....so long...how....How LONG has it really been?" he

>wondered as the dim, familiar, green light hit his sleepy eyes.
The light had pierced the shell of darkness where he had

>existed for... so long...

> He felt a sudden rush, disoriented as the thick fluid in his pod
thawed and warmed, he was able to feel his body again.

>The scenes outside were distorted by a wall of water but as he lifted
his head and for the first time he could see the outside, vaguely as the

>bottom of a murky pool yet still enough to remember. He remembered

gleaming
metal capsules; like the one he was in, a gleaming metal floor, a network
>of immaculately clean pipes running everywhere along the walls and ceiling
all connect to the capsules or other machines, it seemed to be a large room
>with some enormous, complicated, flashing machine in the center. A work
of beauty and poetry and a credit to technology.
>There was a serene feeling that seemed to radiate here; a harmony and
balance. All of it was so real yet seen from his memory rather than his eyes.
>The memories seemed to come to him as tiny drops of life giving rain on a
scorched desert.
> He became more aware of the icy cold around him as it slowly faded sending
chills straight down through his bones. He became aware that he was drawing
>stale air from a mask suspended by tubes and wires from the outside that
covered his snout. He lifted a hand to touch the side of his metal shell
>and realized that his shoulders were being held by steel restraints as
well as his hips. They were like warm, comforting hands, not meant to trap
>him but to protect him.
 He carefully moved his arm within the limitations of the restraints and
>scratched at the hard cold steel. He felt a great need to leave the pod,
as a young one feels a need to leave it's egg or womb.
> This pod; This metal shell was his egg He felt a burning desire to break
out, to be born.
>
 The fluid slowly started draining through a hole in the bottom

>of the pod and it was soon gone. The air mask and the restraints
snapped open and he fell on the still damp floor of the pod. His first
>breaths in ages could be seen as icy clouds in the bitter cold air.

As he got up and looked once again through the window. He was

>shocked to see a strange face, and the stranger seemed just as shocked
to see him. The face slipped to the right and was now out of view.
> It had been a red echidna, rather old. One eye glistening metal
and he wore a gray hood with a green pendant. He looked vaguely like
>someone he once knew, someone he trusted...

> Kragok drew back instantly upon seeing that face. It was like seeing the
face of a ghost. A strange unnatural creature, he thought. Not an echidna
>at all, but an echidna mutated and mixed with the blood of several lower
creatures.
>Those eyes he had seen...were striking, dark red and terrifying, the
first time he saw those eyes would haunt his nightmares, yet

>the look in them seemed like that of an innocent child.
As the door of that first shiny pod began to open he
>wondered if there was any way to go back, to never have come here.
 If only he had never brought the troops back to the old base
>they never would have found...this...just waiting. The curiosity to
explore had been just burning but now the fire was now icy fear

>had taken over it's place.

> The pod door swung up and there was a cloud of steam, this room

was colder than his pod had been; in the back of his mind he knew why,
>but he could grasp nothing now, all these sights and
impulses, coming at him all at once were less like the rain and more
>like hail stones.
The cool air hit his wet fur for the first time in....how long was it?
>He stepped out cautiously, nearly tripping as he took his first steps
and surveyed the dark hall.
>Data on black screens in strange green letters on the giant computer
control center in the middle of the room seemed foreign yet familiar.
>The green glow from spherical lights hanging from the roof was
practically the only light.
>He glanced at the line of more than a hundred large metal pods
along the wall with pipes and wires filtering into them, there was
>also a whole wall of stacked baby sized pods beyond number and
seemed to somehow know that each contained a living form like him.
>Then there was a sudden flash of memory... Emotions and people
with no events to tie them all together.
>
The gray robed echidna stood in front of him, there were also a
>number of black robed ones hovering around the computers and a
clustered semi circle seemed to be forming around him at a

>safe distance. He couldn't tell if they were all echidna,
their faces were hidden for the most part but from what he could
>see they wore expressions of disgust and fear. The gray robed one
smiled an uneasy diplomatic sort of smile (trying to mask his fear
>and disgust, it seemed.)
As the creature stood there, soaking wet and cold in front of
>the strangers who had invaded his home, awakened him from blissful
slumber and were now scrutinizing him, he felt similar pangs of
>fear and disgust. Their black cloaks looked familiar it seemed and
he could recall wearing a similar one himself...

>

>
This was long before the pods an the hibernation Mobius
>was in a dismal state.
The Black Horde was pulling strings silently from behind the scenes
>at first, Fireants and their enemies the Snowcrabs, unable to even tolerate
each other's existence were raging towards a boiling point in their
>ancient war. Outside attempts of diplomacy from all nations failed
and it was clear that all of Mobius would be the battlefield... and
>the prize in a three-sided war.
This was the purpose for their creation. An army of identical,
>perfect warriors was the goal. Ones who could survive the harsh conditions
of a battle between fire and ice yet were still perfectly expendable.
>The Black Horde's scientists could finally be allowed permission
from the king to make full, living, genetically altered experiments. A
>thought that would have distressed everyone on the planet... if

they knew.

>
 Every attempt was a failure. A genetically engineered animal that

>was a perfect fighter could not be made and the termination of

experiment was ordered straight from the throne. An order to terminate

>over 500 living experiments.

> Garok, a Scientist and Black Horde officer was head of the project, It
was thanks to him that so many escaped, or momentarily delayed their

>fate. Slowly the hunt began for the lost, living experiments.
Initially loyal to their purpose of protecting Mobius, they offered

>their service to the crown and were rejected.

> As their deaths were ordered by the government, by the Black Horde and
their existence generally not tolerated by civilians it was apparent to

>the Genetic experiments that any further attempts
to offer help to the mobians would be met with mistrust or contempt.

> So, they went into hiding, still intent on stopping the Fireant's war
themselves and proving their superiority and rite to co-exist alongside

>the normal ones.
 It was then that the Black Horde offered them security once again. They

>were not about to give up such a powerful tool as this army when they were given
a second chance to control them.

>
 It was an order from the King that would have forced them to terminate

>the experiment prematurely, not their own will, they
explained calmly to the shunned and incensed mutants. Which was true although

>there were still those within the organization who would still have destroyed
them at the drop of a hat. For the 'Mutants', the promise of temporary

>security and acceptance could not be passed on easily, especially when their
chances for survival without a powerful ally such as the Horde was almost nil.

>
 He remembered that it took only a year with their help for the Black Horde to

>take complete control of the Mobian government. They thought that they had
earned their acceptance but it was apparently not to be....

>-----

>This was the Black Horde... They were from the Black Horde. They were among the
ones who had used his people for their own gains, promising them

>acceptance and a home when they ruled Mobius and then
cast them aside like trash... Now they were back? Did they not know

>how unwelcome they were?
 "(What do you want?)" He thought, too scared to say it out loud.

>"(They obviously wanted to use our power again. The genetically altered
warriors are undoubtedly still the most powerful weapons on Mobius.

> If Black Horde wants OUR services again then the battle must be very
great, indeed. They must know by now that we are too dangerous to be

>treated as pawns.
 I can't BELIEVE that they'd think we'd help

them again!)"

>
 Then an eerie thought hit him... "(How did they get in here if the

>master had set traps to keep them out? Did they harm the master?

Did they... kill him? Kill him for protecting us?)"

>
 Kragok's first instinct was to have one of his men blast it, send it back

>to the underworld where it belongs... but it seemed too scared to prove
a threat right now.

> The shocking outward appearance seemed to foster no danger
within. It's outside appearance fluctuated between anger and fear.

>His troops were growing anxious waiting for something to happen,
several reached nervously under their robes for their blasters. If for

>nothing else, only to feel the security of holding them.

> Listening to the uneasy silence and shuffling Kragok again regretted
coming back to the old base. He had been so surprised to see it rebuilt

>and so different in such a short time that he wanted to explore to see
what changes were made and possibly find out by whom.

>He should have thought why who ever had fixed all this damage
had abandoned their work once it was done... It was too late to go back,

>the decisions had been made. Their own curiosity had started this, there
was no turning back now.

>
 It looked around at the crowd of about eight or so dark legion members.

>Each of them diverted their eyes as he tried to meet the stare of each one.
 He was an albino echidna it would have seemed from a distance, white fur

>and red eyes a rare occurrence in itself but his abnormalities extended
beyond his pigment deficiency. Though few of the

>members of the dark legion had ever seen a fire ant (even from a long
distance) they recognized the fur covered antennae that grew from his head

>could only be from the fire ant species. His two front dreadlocks looked
brown but upon close inspection it could be seen that they were actually

>large, working jaws; fire ant jaws.
On his neck, chest, and shoulders he appeared to be wearing white pearly

>armor but he was otherwise naked. The Armor was actually crabshell from
a third species that contributed to his genetic hibreeding.

>
 His antennae tingled as he sensed the hate being thrown at him from all

>sides. It would not subside and the top of his skull began to throb.

> Neither Kragok nor the creature was sure what was going on, each regarded
the other as being in somewhat control of the situation right now.

>
 He was wet and cold and in miserable pain, these people would

>not even show him hospitality in his own home.
 As minutes of silence stacked up their thoughts echoed in his head

>like dull screams. It got to a level he could not bear.
 "STOP IT!" he screamed throwing up his hands. Then the fire came

>welling up within him. He could not control.... The dark legion

started
to back away... The creature's eyes seemed to get redder,
it's fur was
>standing up, The Fireant jaws snapped loudly...
> "They look nervous now... They regret messing with my people! So
stupid of
them to come back after what they did to us, and after
what we did to them!"
>He whispered.
> "Well, here's another taste of it, Black Horde!" He screamed.
".....no.....I can't do it..... I
don't know
>why but I CAN'T KILL...again...now." But it was too late. He had
built up too
much power, if he kept it inside it could destroy
him,
> "I can't ...keep itin... gottakeepitin.....don't let it
hit.....
channel it tosomething"
>There was only one thing that he could think to channel it to that
nothing alive would be hurt. His own pod it was empty.

>Without it he could never hibernate again. If his brothers and
sisters didn't
wake up he would be all alone.
> He snapped his head around to face the pod, his pod, his egg. He
tried
desperately to keep the fire inside him but knew he would
fail. With a
>shout he let it burst fourth from him. An explosion of flame from
the
pit of his stomach.
>He felt himself being enveloped in the fire. The pod where he
had
concentrated his fury was completely vaped. He felt drained.
> A smile crept onto Kragok's lips. For a moment he no longer

>regretted setting this creature free. It had chosen not to harm them
and that meant something. If controlled he would make a valuable
ally.
>He saw that this was only an innocent child; but one with
extraordinary
capabilities, if pointed in the right direction he
could be the
>perfect weapon. But what if it was not content to only be a 'weapon'
? Who cares? Only one question remained "Who was the Black Horde

>and why had the monster called them that?" (this was the second time
they had herd the Black Horde mentioned in this place. The first

>time had been that message that led them to this...)
...no
matter, it wasn't important now. Kragok looked around the
>strange room up and down the walls trying to estimate the number of
capsules like this there were. Such power! He couldn't wait to
see what
was in them.

>5 hours earlier: (WARNING: Flashback within a flashback coming
on...

>
Julie-Su had been practically shoed away from the scene earlier
that

>morning. It was a cool, cloudy day with a curtain of wet fog
settling
near the ground, yet unusually warm for the time of
year.

> The floating island was at the northern peak of it's flight and
well
into it's two month snowy season.

>Only the west of the island ever froze. The Sandopolis, Lava

>that the pink face staring back at her seemed tired, nauseous and somewhat
older.
>
 Bionic braids flailing behind her she rushed out to the meeting place as
>the last warning bell rang, just in time to be the last one there. She
hastily pulled up her black hood to cover her head.
> Everyone shot 'late' glances at her under their own hoods. She rolled
her violet eyes at them as if to say "I WAS on time. I got here before the
>bell stopped ringing."

> Up on the podium Kragok cleared his throat, and everyone looked up
attentively. Julie-Su couldn't see him very well through the crowd but
>she didn't care (he was ugly anyway, she thought to herself) his loud,
clear voice could be heard well from where she was.
> " I assume that we are ALL getting tired of using these primitive tents
as a base of operation and shelter?"
> The crowd yelled in agreement. One good quality Kragok possessed, she
grudgingly admitted, was that he was an excellent public speaker. He was
>manipulative and could make you change your mind without your even knowing
it....That was how Julie-Su and so many others had been led into this
>army. She had lately become disillusioned and wanted out.
 After meeting a guardian (who was SUPPOSED to be their worst enemy)
>and finding out just how 'unevil' they really were she began to question
everything that she had once been made to believe. The others in the Dark
>Legion were still influenced by Kragok, they would follow him anywhere it
seemed.
> "I have worked out a plan for salvaging the old headquarters. The base
that was destroyed ..."
>Julie-Su tuned out of this speech and looked at the sky. The sun could be
seen as a dim circle covered by a sheet of grey mist. Kragok babbled on
>about the "accursed guardians" and "Our rightful place on Mobius" but
she couldn't listen, she felt much too sick. The sinking feeling that
>came to her when she had thought of Knuckles and the freedom fighters.
 Everything turned black for a few seconds and she felt dizzy and faint.
>The next few seconds she spent in a state of limbo between pain and sleep.
She shook it off in time to hear the last of Kragok's address,
> "...It ought to be safe by now." Kragok finished.

> "He seems to be implying that any danger would just go away if we
left it alone long enough...Safe from what? "Julie-Su wondered. She
>couldn't think of any danger that would just go away. She had thought
that the main safety concern was debris or exposed electrical wires.
>The way Kragok made it sound it was as if Knux was still waiting back
there to get him if he tried to come back.
>

> Everything was packed quickly and stuffed into knapsacks. The tents were
torn down quickly and loaded into the vehicles.
> And so with the sun still low in the sky and barely visible behind the clouds
they set off in double file lines preceded by a wall of tanks as if
>this were a march into war and not simply a hike back to their old

stomping grounds.

>
 The army's black flying machines hovered over them like prowling ravens.

> With each step closer they came to their destination the sinking feeling
in Julie-Su's stomach got a little worse.

> By the end of it Julie-Su's miserableness gave way to near terror. All
she wanted to do was get out of this line and run away.

> They soon reached the location of one of the base's old secret entrances,
a fake tree. Kragok pulled one of the branches and opened the familiar

>passage way. The entrance was an elevator that would only carry one person
at a time.

>
 Since there was supposed to be no power in the old base Julie-Su wondered

>if they really expected an elevator to work.
 It did work however, the false tree's trunk slid open and Kragok sent

>a scout down first to test for safety (naturally). The scout emerged safely
but...shaken, what Julie-Su could see of his face showed

>terror and surprise. She knew that there was something wrong.
 He whispered something to Kragok. She watched his face grow angry in

>disbelief and strained to overhear their conversation, "If you're
lying....." Kragok threatened.

> "I assure you, sir. I am not! Isaw it myself!....restored..."
 "Completely restored?" he straightened his tattered grey cloak and looked

>around at the crowd to scan for observers. His piercing metal eye met
Julie-Su's and she looked away yet still continued to listen.

> "Yes.!" said the scout.
There was more said but it was too low to make out, Julie-Su couldn't

>afford to be caught listening so she didn't try, she only watched what
was going on. Kragok motioned for a few shoulders to come over. they talked

>privately for a moment as a tired Julie-Su tried unsuccessfully to hear.
Then he told them to go down the elevator and one by one they went with

>Kragok last. He remained to give some
brief orders.

>"Now hear this! I want you all to remain here and are not, under any
circumstances to follow us. If you are needed I will send for you.

> That is all." The trunk door slid closed and she watched him disappear
through the grey mist.

> <p><p>

End
file.